

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

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10¢

NO. 34



IN THIS ISSUE:
**RANSOM IN
THE HOLLOW
TREE!**

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W. H. Fawcett Jr., President



AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN LARADO...

I WANT YOU TO REPORT TO THE FLAT LAND OIL COMPANY IN TURANDO CITY, LASH! THEIR FLOW OF OIL SUDDENLY STOPPED AND THEY SUSPECT DIRTY WORK! THE MAN IN CHARGE IS NAMED RICHARDS!

YES, SIR, CHIEF! I'LL START IMMEDIATELY!



THE NEXT DAY, WHEN LASH REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF TURANDO...

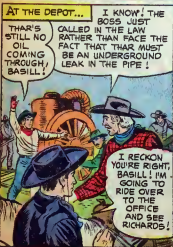
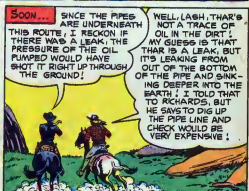
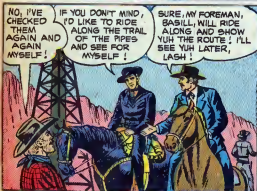
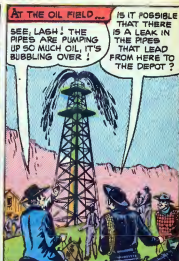
I MUST BE GETTING MIGHTY CLOSE TO TURANDO! HERE'S THE OLD DESERTED MINE THAT'S ONLY ABOUT A MILE AWAY FROM MAIN STREET!



THE FLAT LAND OIL COMPANY IN TURANDO CITY...

LASH, I'LL EXPLAIN OUR SETUP! HERE'S OUR OIL FIELD, BUT RATHER THAN GO TO THE EXPENSE OF BARRELLING THE CRUDE OIL OUT THAR AND THEN CARTING IT BACK TO THE REFINERY IN WAGONS, WE'VE BUILT UNDERGROUND PIPES!





RIGHT NOW I'M RIDING BACK TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS. I'M GOING TO ASK THAT HE ASSIGN ANOTHER MARSHAL WHOM NO ONE KNOWS AROUND HERE TO WORK WITH ME! THEN I WANT YOU TO GIVE HIM A JOB OUT AT THE OIL FIELD SO HE CAN CHECK ON ALL THE MEN WITHOUT THEM KNOWING IT!

WHATEVER YUH SAY, LASH!

BUT AS LASH HEADS BACK TO LARADO...

THAT'S FUNNY! THAT MINE WASN'T BOARDED UP WHEN I PASSED HERE BEFORE! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! SOMEONE'S USING IT! I RECKON I'LL HAVE A LOOK!

IT'S NOT EVEN REALLY BOARDED UP! IT WAS JUST FIXED TO GIVE THAT IMPRESSION!

MAYBE I'VE GOT OIL ON MY MIND SINCE I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THIS FLAT LAND OIL COMPANY CASE, BUT I'D SWEAR I SMELL OIL IN HERE!

THE ODOOR SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM BELOW! I'LL GO DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!

IT'S COMING FROM THAT ROOM OR TUNNEL RIGHT OVER THERE!

YIPES! ONE MORE STEP AND I WOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THIS PIT!

IT'S THREE-QUARTERS FULL OF OIL, BUT IT NEVER GOT HERE NATURALLY!

IF I LOWER MYSELF DOWN, MAYBE I CAN DISCOVER THE OIL'S SOURCE!

SECONDS LATER...

THE OIL IS POURED INTO THE PIT FROM THIS PIPE, BUT WHERE DOES THIS PIPE COME FROM?



I HAVE A VERY GOOD IDEA, BUT I RECKON I'D BETTER MAKE SURE!



IF THIS WALL OF DIRT SURROUNDING THE PIPE SHOULD SUDDENLY CAVE IN, I'D BE DONE FOR! BUT I'VE GOT TO CHECK THE EVIDENCE!



AND FINALLY...



THIS PIPE HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE FLAT LAND'S OIL PIPE! WHOEVER SET UP THIS PIPE, CLOGGED THE FLAT LAND'S OIL PIPE AND DIVERTED ALL THE OIL INTO THIS ONE! NOW TO WORK MYSELF BACK AND SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE IN THE MINE UNTIL I DISCOVER WHO THE OWLHOOTS ---OR SHOULD I SAY OILHOOTS ---ARE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE MINE...

RICHARDS SENT FOR THE LAW, BUT LUCKY FOR US I THREW HIM OFF THE TRACK!

BUT IF RICHARDS DOES CHECK THE PIPE AND DOESN'T FIND ANY LEAK IN IT AT ALL, HE'S BOUND TO GET WISE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

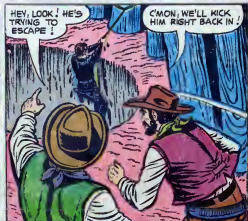
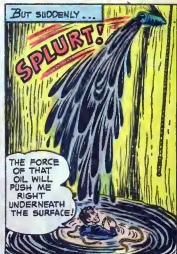


WE'LL OPEN UP THE CLOG IN THE FLAT LAND'S OIL PIPE AND LET THE OIL FLOW THROUGH FOR A FEW WEEKS! THEN, WHEN THEY NO LONGER EXPECT IT, WE'LL CLOG IT UP AND SHIFT THE OIL INTO OUR OWN PIT AGAIN!

IN THE MEANWHILE, WE COULD START SELLING ALL THE OIL WE'VE GOT HYAR ALREADY!







YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, LARUE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF HYAR ALIVE ! I'LL FILL YUH FULL OF LEAD !



YOU TREATED ME TO AN OIL BATH; THE LEAST I CAN DO IS RETURN THE FAVOR !



THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GUN ! NOW WE CAN SETTLE THIS WITH OUR FISTS !

THAT SUITS ME FINE !



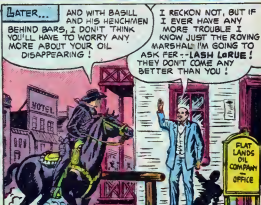
MEANWHILE, AT THE OIL FIELD ...

I RECKON ENOUGH OIL HAS GONE THROUGH THE PIPE TO DROWN LARUE BY NOW ! THE NEXT THING TO DO IS UNLOG THE FLAT LAND'S OIL PIPE SO THAT THE OIL WILL FLOW THROUGH TO THE DEPOT !



IT'S THE LAWDOG ! HE ESCAPED !





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"I'M TRAPPED IN SECTION 891 KEEP YOUR TANKS,
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MOLASSES MOUTH



PROUD
MOMENTS!

HOWDY, MOLASSES MOUTH! IT'S A GREAT DAY, ISN'T IT?

HUH?



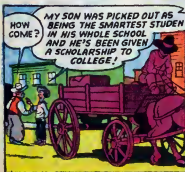
JEEPERS, BENTON, YUH SHORE ARE IN A GOOD MOOD!

THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY, GHUM! I'M BRIMMING OVER WITH HAPPINESS!



HOW COME?

MY SON WAS PICKED OUT AS BEING THE SMARTEST STUDENT IN HIS WHOLE SCHOOL AND HE'S BEEN GIVEN A SCHOLARSHIP TO COLLEGE!



I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELING OF PRIDE! I FELT THE SAME WAY---

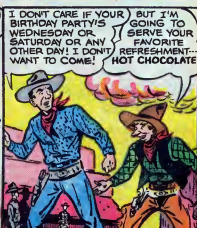


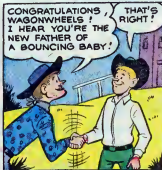
—WHEN MY PIG WON A MEDAL AT THE COUNTY FAIR!

(GASP)
!!!



LOCO LEW





DUSTY

HORSES, HORSES,
HORSES!

HI THAR, PARTNER! HAVE
YUH GOT A JOB AROUND HYAR
FER A COWHAND?

I NEVER KNEW A
COW HAD A HAND,
JUST FOUR FEET!

I BEG YORE PARDON, SIR, BUT COWHAND
IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FER A COWBOY!
YUH MUST BE A STRANGER IN
THESE PARTS IF YUH
DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

IF YOU MEAN I
DON'T COME FROM
THE WEST, YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT I COULDN'T
POSSIBLY LOOK
STRANGER THAN
YOU LOOK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH ME?

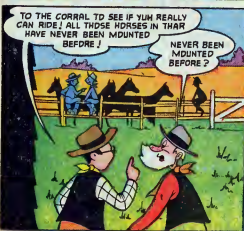
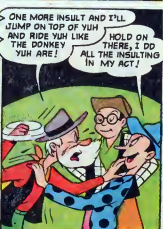
IT WILL TAKE ME
LESS TIME TO TELL YOU
WHAT'S NOT THE
MATTER WITH YOU!

HOW WOULD YUH LIKE
A NICE PUNCH IN
THE EYE?

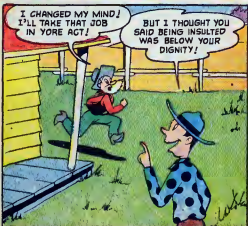
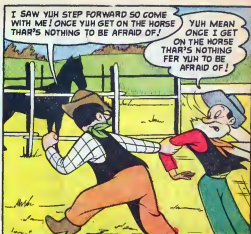
NOW DON'T GET ANGRY,
PARTNER! MY NAME IS
THADEUS B. HAMBONE! I'M
AN ACTOR WHO MAKES A
CAREER OF INSULTING
PEOPLE!

YUH BETTER PICK ON
SOMEBODY ELSE TO INSULT
OR YO'RE GOING TO HAVE
A MIGHTY SHORT
CAREER!

BUT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND! YOU
ASKED FOR A JOB
AND I WAS TESTING
YOU TO SEE IF YOU'D
WORK OUT FOR
MY ACT!







Lash LARUE

in

RANSOM in the HOLLOW TREE TRUNK

I RECOGNIZE THE
LAWMAN WITH YUH,
BANKER TAYLOR! WHAT
DID YUH COME UP
HYAR FER?

THAT FIVE-
THOUSAND DOLLAR
NOTE YUH OWE MY BANK
IS TWO WEEKS OVERDUE
ALREADY, HOLMES, AND I
BROUGHT THE LAW ALONG
TO MAKE SURE YUH DON'T
GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE
ABOUT FORECLOSING!



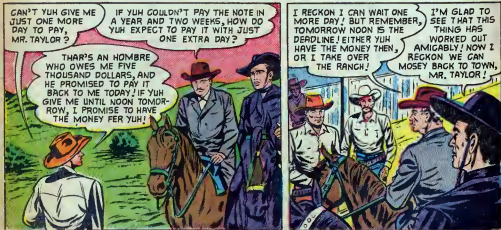
CAN'T YUH GIVE ME
JUST ONE MORE
DAY TO PAY,
MR. TAYLOR?

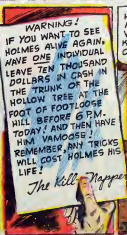
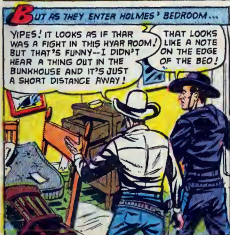
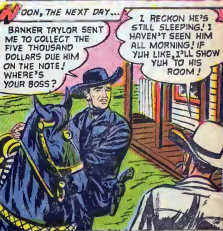
IF YUH COULDN'T PAY THE NOTE IN
A YEAR AND TWO WEEKS, HOW DO
YUH EXPECT TO PAY IT WITH JUST
ONE EXTRA DAY?

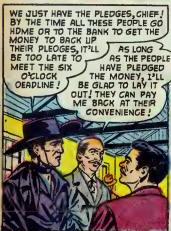
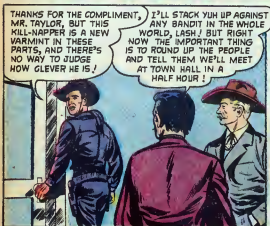
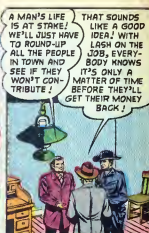
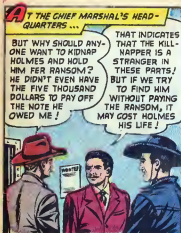
THAR'S AN HOMBRE
WHO OWES ME FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND
HE PROMISED TO PAY IT
BACK TO ME TODAY! IF YUH
GIVE ME UNTIL NOON TOMOR-
ROW, I PROMISE TO HAVE
THE MONEY FER YUH!

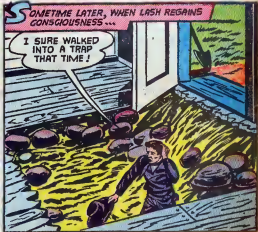
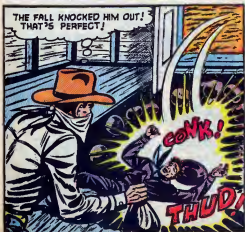
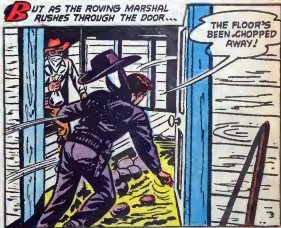
I RECKON I CAN WAIT ONE
MORE DAY! BUT REMEMBER,
TOMORROW NOON IS THE
DEADLINE! EITHER YUH
HAVE THE MONEY THEN,
OR I TAKE OVER
THE RANCH!

I'M GLAD TO
SEE THAT THIS
THING HAS
WORKED OUT
AMICABLY! NOW I
RECKON WE CAN
MOSEY BACK TO TOWN,
MR. TAYLOR!



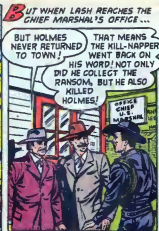








THE ONLY THING TO DO NOW IS TO GO BACK AND REPORT THE BONER I PULLED!



BUT WHEN LASH REACHES THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

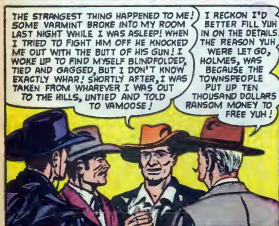
BUT HOLMES NEVER RETURNED TO TOWN!

THAT MEANS THE KILL-NAPPER WENT BACK ON HIS WORD! NOT ONLY DID HE COLLECT THE RANSOM, BUT HE ALSO KILLED HOLMES!



WAIT A SECOND! HERE COMES HOLMES NOW!

WHAR'VE YUH BEEN HOLMES?



THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ME! SOME VARMINT BROKE INTO MY ROOM LAST NIGHT WHILE I WAS ASLEEP! WHEN I TRIED TO FIGHT HIM OFF HE KNOCKED ME OUT WITH THE BUTT OF HIS GUN! I WOKE UP TO FIND MYSELF BLINDFOLDED, TIED AND GAGGED, BUT I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAR! SHORTLY AFTER, I WAS TAKEN FROM WHEREVER I WAS OUT TO THE HILLS, UNTIED AND TOLD TO VAMOOSE!

I RECKON I'D BETTER FILL YUH IN ON THE DETAILS! THE REASON YUH WERE LET GO, HOLMES, WAS BECAUSE THE TOWNSPEOPLE PUT UP TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS RANSOM MONEY TO FREE YUH!



AND AFTER HOLMES IS TOLD EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED...

BUT THE KILL-NAPPER RECEIVED THE RANSOM MONEY HOURS AGO! HOW COME IT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO GET BACK TO TOWN?

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY RANSOM MONEY! WHEN I WAS SET FREE THE ONLY THING I HAD ON MY MIND WAS PAYING

OFF THE NOTE I OWED THE BANK SO I WENT AHEAD AND GOT THE MONEY THAT FRIEND OF MINE OWED ME!



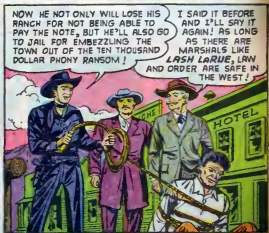
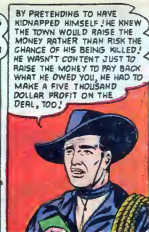
IN FACT, HYAR'S THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT MONEY!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!

WHAT ARE YUH DOING, LASH?



MOLASSES MOUTH



SOMETHING HE EIGHT!



SHOOTING PARTY

By Westbrook Wilson



"THERE'S only one way to deal with that ornery cayuse and it's with this!" roared Dan Dakota, drawing his Colt .44 and waving it for emphasis. "If we can't talk sense into him, let's shoot sense out of him." Dan's square face was red and his eyes glittered with anger as he spoke.

The other half-dozen men at the meeting remained silent for several seconds. At last one spoke. "You're right, Dan, but . . ."

"He's right, and no buts!" exclaimed another. "I say we take all our men and shoot it out with Burly Duke. Let's have a showdown and the sooner the better!"

"Wait a minute," said someone else. "If gunplay's the only answer, then I'm for it. But let's at least go talk to Whitey Cole. He's got as much stake in this as we have and he's got a right good head on his shoulders. Maybe he's got some idea of how we can go about it without half of us getting ourselves killed."

There was some grumbling, but finally the small group of ranchers adjourned their meeting, mounted their horses, and headed for Whitey Cole's spread. They had a real grievance against Burly Duke, the biggest rancher in Moosehead Valley, owner of the Double X. Duke was fencing in the Indian Springs.

Year after year these unfailing springs had been the savior of all the cattle in the valley when the dry season came, when wells ran dry and the big river was reduced to a trickle. Up till now there had never been any question about everyone making use of the springs for thirsty cattle. It was taken as a matter of course.

But Duke, crafty and ambitious, had quietly gotten legal ownership of all the land surrounding the springs and now he was fencing them in. His plan was to squeeze everyone else

out and own the whole of Moosehead Valley for himself. And he was already rich enough to hire plenty of hardcase gunslingers to back his play.

The men found Whitey Cole hunkered down beside his one room house playing with his dog. "Sit up, Jo-Jo! Sit up!" Whitey said. When the dog sat up, the man rewarded him with a tiny chunk of beef.

Dan Dakota, already angered, seemed to be more infuriated by this sight. "Look at that! Burly Duke is ready to steal his ranch right from under his nose and he lazes around playing with his dog. How come you weren't at our meeting, Whitey?"

Whitey stood up, shrugging. "I had nothing to say at the meeting. What did you fellows decide?"

"We decided to teach Mr. Duke a lesson with lead!" thundered Dan.

"That doesn't make sense," said Whitey, calmly. "Duke has hired twice as many hands as he needs to run his spread, and half of them don't ever soil their fingers on anything but a holster. It would take a small army to beat them in a shooting fight. Besides which, the Sheriff is on Duke's side."

"The Sheriff sympathizes with us."

"He probably does, but his duty is to uphold the law. The law says Duke can fence in his property and the Indian Springs are his property."

"Are you scared to shoot it out?"

"You could put it another way," suggested Whitey calmly. "You could ask me if I'd rather be alive than dead. And the answer would be, alive!"

"Have you got any better ideas, Whitey?" someone else asked.

"Sorry to say I haven't. Not yet!"

Dan Dakota sneered. "Seems as if somebody told me you had a head on your shoulders."

"I have, and I don't aim to get it blown off," responded Whitey, hunkering down again and saying to his dog, "Come here, Jo-Jo."

After Whitey's talk, some of the men were hesitant to go after Duke and his gunslingers, but Dan Dakota, roaring and bellowing, inflamed them to fighting pitch. Threats were shouted and guns roared, but it was a short battle. Dan Dakota and two of his companions were knocked off their horses, wounded. The rest fled quickly. One of Duke's gunmen got a bullet hole through his hat. The three wounded men were packed off to a doctor and also placed under arrest by the apologetic Sheriff. "I hate to do this, boys, but legally you were trespassing and Duke is putting charges against you."

Whitey Cole stood outside the new barbed wire fence surrounding the Indian Springs. Jo-Jo, who had been romping playfully at his heels, ambled under the wire. Inside, Burly Duke was supervising the completion of the enclosure. He looked at Whitey and grinned like Satan.

"Your pup can crawl under this fence but none of your beef could," chuckled Duke.

"That sure is a fact," said Whitey, watching as Jo-Jo lapped up cool water. "No longhorn could get in unless somebody cut the fence."

"You're not thinking of doing anything foolish like that, are you, Whitey?" asked Duke, giving Cole a sharp look.

"No, sir," said Whitey. "I know if I did that I'd be a dead dog!"

"It's good you've got more sense than those other hombres," said Duke. "On account of that, I may give you a break when I buy up your little spread. I may not—say—what's the matter?"

Whitey frowned and pointed. "My dog! Look at him!"

Duke whirled and saw Jo-Jo lying beside the water, very still, his legs stretched out stiffly.

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick—is he . . .?"

"He looks as if he's dead!" said Whitey, with a catch in his voice. "He just took a drink out of your spring and . . ."

"Poison!" exclaimed Duke. "Somebody poisoned my spring! When I catch the varmint I'll tear him apart with my bare hands!"

"Uh-huh, when you catch him," said Whitey. "But meanwhile, what are your cattle going to use for drinking water? If that spring's poisoned, it could wipe out your whole herd. I'm sure glad you put that fence up to keep our cattle out!"

Whitey Cole visited Dan Dakota, who was lying in bed, his left leg bandaged and his face very pale from loss of blood. "Sorry to hear you got wounded, Dan," said Whitey.

"Sorry, bah!" growled Dan. "I notice you didn't risk your hide to help us. I got a chunk of my leg shot off, I'm under arrest, I'm going to lose my ranch—and you're sorry! Bah!"

Whitey said, "No, the arrest is called off and you're not going to lose your ranch. You see, Burly Duke got the idea that somebody poisoned his springs and he was in a sweat to get water for his cattle from the rest of us. Of course our wells haven't gone dry—not yet. So I made him sign a paper. It gives all of us the right to use any water in Moosehead Valley, any time. So you don't have to worry."

"BUT if the springs are poisoned . . ."

"They're not," chuckled Whitey. "My dog and I just pulled a little trick on Duke. Hey, Jo-Jo, come in here. All right now. DEAD DOG!"

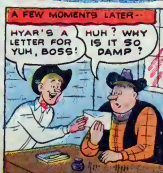
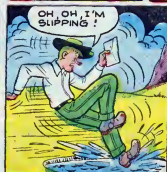
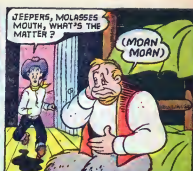
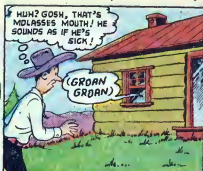
Jo-Jo collapsed to the floor, his legs out stiff. He looked for all the world as if he'd been poisoned!

THE END

MOLASSES MOUTH



THE SHELL GAME!

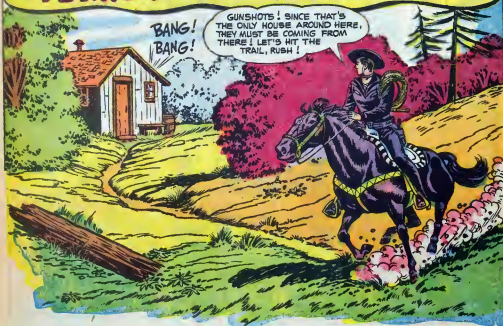


Lash LARUE

in **TERROR** at the **QUICKSAND SWAMPS!**

BANG!
BANG!

GUNSHOTS! SINCE THAT'S
THE ONLY HOUSE AROUND HERE,
THEY MUST BE COMING FROM
THERE! LET'S HIT THE
TRAIL, RUSH!



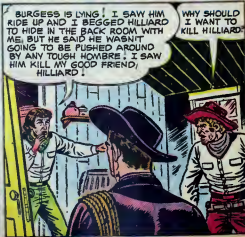
DROP THAT
GUN! I'VE GOT
YOU COVERED!

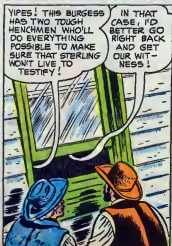
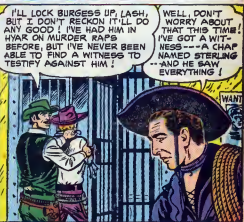
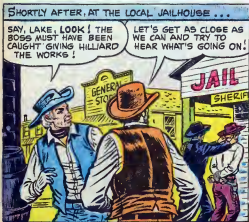
YUH GOT NOTHING ON ME! THIS
ISN'T MY GUN! I HEARD THE
SHOTS AS I WAS RIDING BY AND
I RUSHED IN HYAR TO SEE WHAT
WAS GOING ON, JUST AS
YUH DID!



BURGESS IS LYING! I SAW HIM
RIDE UP AND I BEGGED HILLIARD
TO HIDE IN THE BACK ROOM WITH
ME, BUT HE SAID HE WASN'T
GOING TO BE PUSHED AROUND
BY ANY TOUGH HOMBRE. I SAW
HIM KILL MY GOOD FRIEND,
HILLIARD!

WHY SHOULD
I WANT TO
KILL HILLIARD?





AND AS THE ROVING MARSHAL MOUNTS HIS TRUSTY STEED...



CONK!

LASH! WHAT HAPPENED? HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I'D BETTER GET SOME WATER!

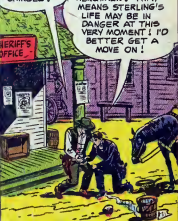


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ARE YUH OKAY, LASH? I RECKON SO, SHER-IFF! BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THAT ROCK CAME FROM! ARE THERE ANY LOOSE ONES ON THE ROOF OF THE JAILHOUSE?



NO, LASH, THE ROOF IS MADE OUT OF SHINGLE!



IN THAT CASE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF BURGESS' HENCHMEN! THAT MEANS STERLING'S LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER AT THIS VERY MOMENT! I'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON!

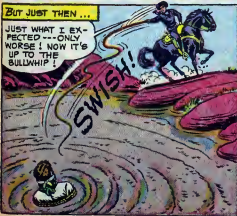
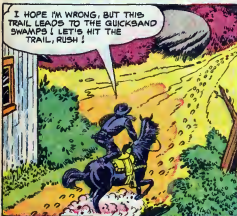
SHORTLY AFTER...



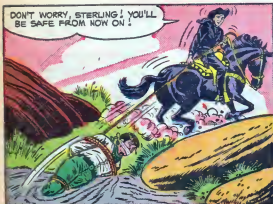
JUST THIS---



CONK!

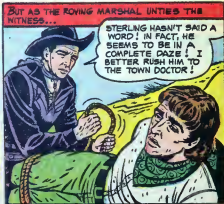


DON'T WORRY, STERLING! YOU'LL BE SAFE FROM NOW ON!



BUT AS THE ROVING MARSHAL UNTIES THE WITNESS...

STERLING HASN'T SAID A WORD! IN FACT, HE SEEMS TO BE IN COMPLETE DAZE! I BETTER RUSH HIM TO THE TOWN DOCTOR!



LATER...

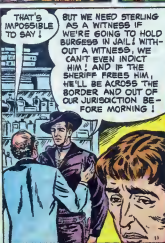
STERLING'S NOT JUST IN A DAZE, LASH! HE'S SUFFERING FROM A MENTAL SHOCK! THE FRIGHT OF BEING THROWN INTO THE QUICKSAND MUST HAVE AFFECTED HIS MIND!

HOW LONG WILL THIS LAST, DOCTOR?



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY!

BUT WE NEED STERLING AS A WITNESS IF WE'RE GOING TO HOLD BURGESS IN JAIL! WITHOUT A WITNESS, WE CAN'T EVEN INDICT HIM! AND IF THE SHERIFF FREES HIM, HE'LL BE ACROSS THE BORDER AND OUT OF OUR JURISDICTION BEFORE MORNING!



I'D LIKE TO HELP, LASH, BUT THAR'S NO WAY I CAN HURRY THIS TREATMENT!

ISN'T IT A FACT, DOCTOR, THAT SOME OF THESE MENTAL LAPSE PATIENTS ARE SNAPPED BACK TO NORMAL BY BEING SUBJECTED TO THE SAME TYPE OF SHOCK THAT BROUGHT ON THEIR TROUBLE?



ONLY ON A VERY FEW OCCASIONS, LASH, BUT I MUST ADMIT IT HAS HAPPENED!

THEN, DOCTOR, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO TOSS STERLING BACK IN THE QUICKSAND! I PERSONALLY WILL GUARANTEE HIS SAFETY!



THE SHOCK MIGHT RESTORE HIS SENSES IMMEDIATELY!

AS LONG AS YOU GUARANTEE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE SWAMP SAFELY, LASH, YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION!



BUT AS LASH LEAVES WITH THE MENTALLY-SHOCKED STERLING...

DO YUH SEE WHAT I SEE, LAKE? STERLING'S ALIVE!

WE BETTER FOLLOW!



SHORTLY AFTER...

ALL I CAN WISH, STERLING, IS THAT YOU GET A SHOCK BEING TOSSED IN AGAIN, AS YOU GOT WHEN YOU WERE TOSSED IN THE FIRST TIME!



AND THE EXPERIMENT WORKS...

HELP! HELP!
GET ME OUT--
GET ME OUT,
LASH!

HE RECOGNIZED ME!
THAT MEANS HE'S
REGAINED HIS
SENSES!

DON'T WORRY, STERLING!
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A
JIFFY!



BUT JUST THEN...

OOF!

CONK!



THAT LAWDOG
MUST HAVE A
HEAD LIKE A
ROCK! HE'S
COMING TO
ALREADY!

SO WHAT? IT'LL
TAKE HIM AT
LEAST A MINUTE
TO REGAIN HIS
SENSES, AND BY
THAT TIME ...



...HE AND THE
WITNESS WILL BE
HOPELESSLY BURED
IN THAT QUICKSAND!

NOW LET'S
VAMOOSE!



IF YOU DIE,
STERLING,
IT WILL BE
ALL MY
FAULT!

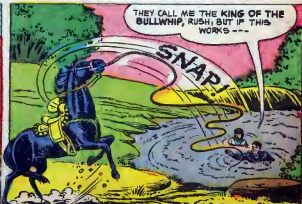
DON'T BLAME YORESELF,
LASH! I KNOW WHAT-
EVER YUH'VE DONE, IT
WAS FER THE SAKE OF
THE LAIN, AND YUH WERE
ONLY DOING YORE DUTY!



BUT MARSHALS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES
TRAINED TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES--THEIR
HORSES ARE, TOO!



THEY CALL ME THE KING OF THE
BULLWHIP, RUSH, BUT IF THIS
WORKS ---





...I'LL TURN MY CROWN OVER TO YOU!



WE'RE BEGINNING TO MOVE! WE'RE GOING TO BE SAVED AFTER ALL!

YES, THANKS TO RISH!



I'M MORE DETERMINED TO TESTIFY AGAINST BURGESS THAN BEFORE!

TO HOPED YOU'D FEEL THAT WAY, STERLING! WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR TOWN! BURGESS MUST BE IN THE COURT BY NOW WAITING TO BE INDICTED, AND IF YOU DON'T SHOW UP TO TESTIFY, THE JUDGE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LET HIM GO!

LATER, AT THE COURTHOUSE ...

--AND SINCE YOU CAN'T PRODUCE A WITNESS, SHERIFF, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FREE BURGESS!

THE BOSS SHOULD GIVE US A BONUS FOR GETTING HIM OUT OF THIS PREDICAMENT!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT ...

WAIT A SECOND, JUDGE! HYAR COMES THE WITNESS!

OH, OH, SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG, LAKE! WE'D BETTER LEAVE, PRONTO!



BUT AS THE TWO VARMINTS DASH OUT OF THE COURTROOM ...

I FIGURED YOU TWO WOULD BE SITTING INSIDE, SO I DECIDED TO SEND STERLING IN BY HIMSELF, FIGURING YOU TWO WOULD COME RUNNING OUT!



AND OUT HERE, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DISTURBING THE COURT!



...AND ON THE TESTIMONY OF MR. STERLING, I HEREBY INDICT YOU ON A CHARGE OF MURDER!

AND YOU CAN ALSO INDICT HIS TWO HENCHMEN, BRIDGES AND LAKE, FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! I'LL TESTIFY AGAINST THEM!

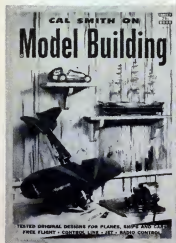
GREAT WORK, LASH! WITH BURGESS AND HIS HENCHMEN SAFELY BEHIND BARS, THIS WILL BE A BETTER TOWN!



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